

**DECLARATION OF REBECCA PATE
PURSUANT TO 28 U.S.C. § 1746**

I, Rebecca Pate, hereby depose as swear as follows:

1. My name is Rebecca Pate. My friends and family call me Becky. In the early 2000's, I lived in the same neighborhood in Abingdon, Maryland, as Travis Mullis and his mother. They lived near me on Raccoon Court. I dated Travis for around one year from 2003 to 2004. Everyone called Travis "TJ."

2. TJ got upset and agitated very suddenly. Frustration came over his face. He'd pace back and forth, go up and down the stairs and pull on his hair. His face turned red. That's when it all happened. When I say, that's when it all happened, I mean that's when the craziness of Travis came out. He'd start screaming, punching the walls and throwing things. He wouldn't throw things at me or at anyone, he'd throw things at the walls or out of the way. He'd leave holes in the wall where he punched them, he'd rip doors out of their doorframes. He'd kick or punch any inanimate object in his way. He even peed on the floor, inside of the house, when he was mad. He destroyed his bedroom on Raccoon Court. When I first started dating him, he had a room upstairs in the house. He ruined it. He moved down into the basement of the house and did the same thing to that room. He ripped down the curtains. He ripped up the carpet. He'd get mad and throw his computer. He wrote all over his dresser and he tore it apart. That was typical of TJ. One minute he was fine, the next minute he was out of control.

3. I knew TJ was diagnosed bipolar and I recognized these times as symptoms of his illness. When he acted crazy, I'd leave TJ's house to go back to my own just down the street. I would tell him to call me when he was done. I would see him act crazy and I would see the destruction he caused after acting crazy. There were times when I was planning on going over to TJ's house and

his mom would call me to tell me not to come over because TJ was freaking out. I'd be able to hear banging and noise in the background.

4. TJ had moments where he was fine, then some little thing would set him off. He'd start throwing things. Once, it was the day after Christmas, TJ snapped over his friend Daryl giving me a hug. Daryl and I were just friends, but TJ was jealous. We were all at TJ's mom's house and he started screaming, throwing things and he kicked us out. I went home and a few hours later, he called me and apologized. We continued to date and sometimes it was good, and sometimes bad. I knew to leave TJ alone when he got upset.

5. I knew about TJ's history. I knew he had been raped by one of his parents and that he molested his cousin. He had flashbacks about what happened to him when he was younger. There would be times when we'd just be sitting there, watching a movie, and a flashback would start. There were times when TJ could control how badly the flashbacks hit him and other times when he couldn't. I'd see it on his face that he was upset. I tried to be someone he could talk to about the flashbacks and asked him about it sometimes, but he didn't talk to me about the specifics of what happened when he was young. It seemed like he just couldn't.

6. I got the sense that he had a terrible childhood. The woman he lived with and called his mom wasn't his biological mother. I don't know the details of how she became his mom or anything like that. I do know that he stole money and credit cards from her. He'd take her car without permission. He never got in trouble for doing these things because she didn't call the cops or his probation officer.

7. TJ wanted to have sex all of the time— every day, several times a day. If I didn't want to have sex with him, he'd get upset and ask me to leave.

8. There were times with TJ that were good and times that were bad. Sometimes he was a good

boyfriend and was there for me when I needed him. He could be sweet to me, caring, loving and lovable. TJ wasn't a bad person. It was just that he had two sides. I am bipolar myself, so I understood what TJ was going through. I knew TJ was supposed to take meds for his condition, but he said they made him feel like a zombie so he didn't take them after awhile. I saw him when he was on his medication and it seemed to help him control his frustration and do away with these outbursts.

9. When I first met TJ, he was still on probation. He had just gone from being in juvenile detention to having total freedom. He just didn't know how to deal with it and the system didn't do anything for him. He went to night school a few times a week for awhile, but then he stopped going completely. He smoked weed pretty regularly. When he was high, it calmed him down. But when it wore off, he started having problems again. To my knowledge, TJ was not seeing any sort of therapist. I wasn't in school those days either. I dropped out of high school and we spent a lot of time together. So I believe I would have known if he was seeing a counselor. I also never saw or heard about his probation officer checking up on him.

10. I was shocked when I heard about what happened in Texas. We were in touch periodically on the phone and by MySpace messages. The last time I saw him was when he came back to Maryland once for about a week. He said he was there with his uncle and that they were going on a cruise.

11. Until very recently, no one working on TJ's case came to talk to me about TJ. No one working for TJ's defense spoke with me before his trial. If they had, I would have told them all of the information above. I would have been willing to testify about everything I know about TJ at his trial.

I hearby certify that the facts set forth above are true and correct to the best of my personal knowledge, information, and belief, subject to the penalty of perjury, pursuant to 28 U.S.C. § 1746.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Rebecca Pate", is written over a horizontal line.

Rebecca Pate